
The Gavelyte

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The Gavelyte, January 1913

Cedarville College

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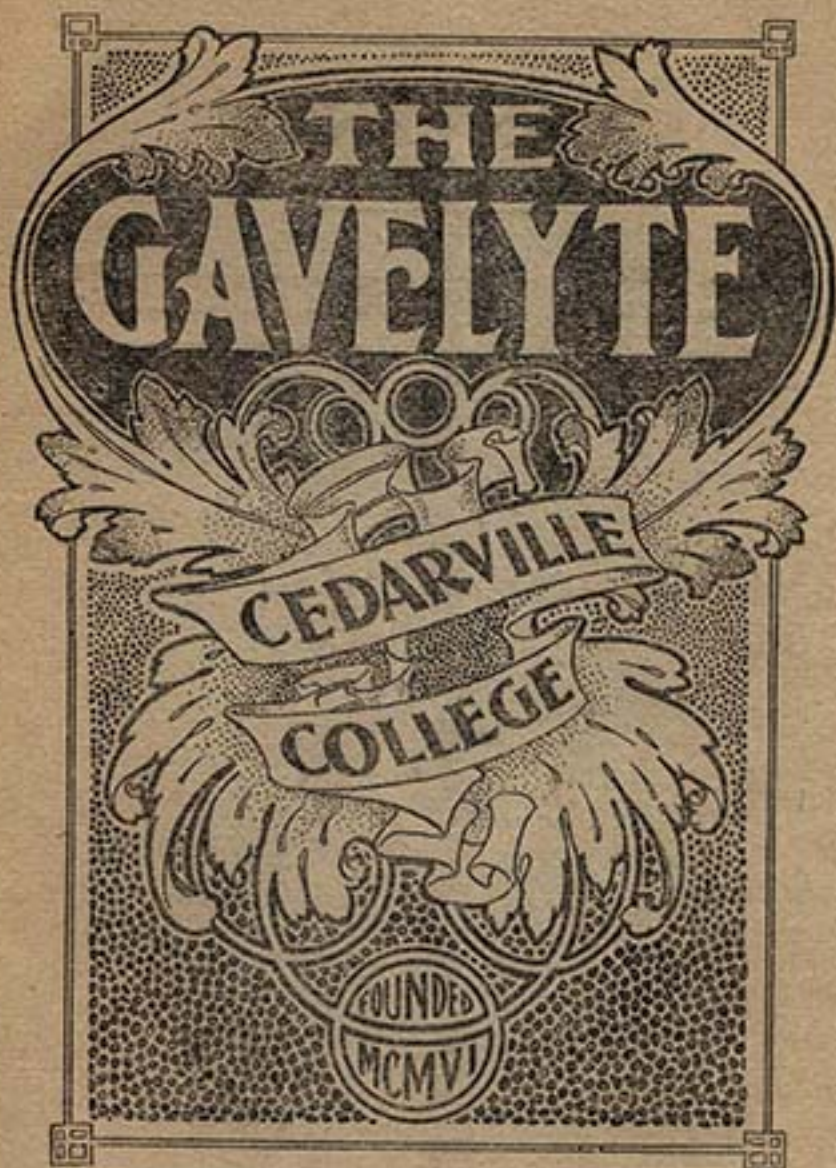


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JANUARY 1913

CONTENTS



"A Xmas Incident"	Page 1
A Trip to Halifax	" 8
Editorial	" 6
Locals	" 8

The Gavelyte

VOL. VII.

JANUARY, 1913.

NO. 10

"A XMAS INCIDENT."

Mary Bird '16.

A poorly clad woman, carrying a basket of clothes on her shoulders, was struggling to make her way through the mass of people who thronged Broadway, the day before Xmas. She glanced around every now and then to see if the little flax-haired child was still clinging to her skirt.

As they fought their way through the crowd, the little fellow caught sight of Santa Claus in the big store window. He had heard much of him, but for some reason Santa Claus always seemed to miss him at Christmas time, so he thought it best to go in and tell him where he lived. He loosened his grasp on his mother's skirt and with great effort, made his way into the store which seemed a veritable fairyland to him.

He was dazzled by the many toys which met his gaze on every side. "Ah!" he thought, "this was certainly where old Santa lived, but where could he be?" He searched the crowd in vain for him and he soon became tired for the crowd was pushing and jostling him unmercifully. How he wished for his mother! Just then he espied a little room which was par-

tioned off from the rest of the store and he decided to go in here and wait for Santa Claus. He climbed up in a big chair and was soon sound asleep.

Out in the crowded street, Bobby's mother still trudged on. On account of the jostling she had not missed the gentle pulling of her skirt and when she looked around she was terrified to find her child gone.

"Oh! My child! My child!" she cried, but the crowd turned a deaf ear to her cries of anguish.

"Oh, why was I so careless?" she reproached herself.

She turned and scanned the street with eager eyes, hoping to get a glimpse of her child. Just a little piece away there was a crowd of people hovering over a lifeless form. Through them she caught a glimpse of a little flax-haired head. Her heart stood still with fright. She rushed wildly up to them and cried: "Give me my child! He is mine!"

"Back! Back!" said the policeman, this is the child of Mr. Rosemore, the great merchant."

With a heart wrung with grief and remorse, the little woman made her way to the cold tenement house in the slums, which she was wont to call home. She was sure the child was Bobby, for she had looked only at the little face—but had she looked

at the dainty garments which the child wore she would have realized her mistake.

Mr. Rosemore came hurrying into his office at about 6 o'clock and stopped in amazement, for Bobby was aroused from his nap and he sat up, rubbing his eyes with his fists.

"Why, is 'oo Santle Caus?" he exclaimed, for the great man was clad in a fur overcoat and cap and looked very much like the person for whom Bobby was in search.

The tears started to the man's eyes, for he noticed the striking resemblance which he bore to his own child who had just been so cruelly snatched away from him.

"Oh!" he replied, avoiding the child's question, "so you are looking for Santa Claus! And where is your mother?"

"I 'ist left her on the street and tummed in here to find 'oo. Won't 'oo tum and see me and muzzer on Christmas night?"

"Yes, yes!" he replied, thoughtlessly, for he was wondering what he should do with the child.

Suddenly, he took Bobby in his arms and hugged him tight to his heart, and the tears streamed down his face, unchecked.

"'Oo mustn't ky so, Santa Caus, for me and muzzer will forgive you for not coming to see us before," soothed the little lad.

The great merchant stood deep in thought for a few minutes. "You come and go home with me tonight and then we will find your mother tomorrow.

He said this to comfort the lad, but he knew there was little hope of ever finding her in this great city.

So the rich merchant took Bobby to his great mansion, where Mrs. Rosemore received him with open arms and wept over him as though her heart would break.

Bobby was touched by such devotion and returned it in his own childish way. Mrs. Santa Claus, as he would call her, tucked him away for the night in the little bed which her own son had formerly occupied.

It seemed to them that their own son was torn from them and Bobby was sent to fill his place, but they decided to do all in their power to find his parents.

Xmas morning dawned bright and early and Bobby's heart was filled with joy for everything was given him which would delight the heart of a child.

As he was looking out of the window watching the great white snow flakes, he caught sight of a bent figure with a basket of laundry. As she came nearer, Bobby recognized her as his mother.

He begun waving frantically to her and calling, "Muzzer! Muzzer! Here I is."

Mrs. Rosemore heard his cries and hastened to him. He kept pointing to the little woman who was now within calling distance.

Mrs. Rosemore, realizing that this must be his mother, sent one of the servants to summon her to the house.

Mrs. Riley clasped her son to her and Bobby exultantly told her that he had found Santa Claus.

Mrs. Rosemore drew from Mrs. Riley the sad story of the day before, and, as she listened she realized what it would have meant to this poor woman if her only son and hope had

been snatched from her forever.

That Xmas day was a joyful one to Bobby and his mother for their lives were to be changed from this time forward. The Rosemores received Bobby into their home to give him all the advantages which they would have given their son, and Mrs. Riley was to stay as his nurse and mother.

FINIS.

A TRIP TO HALIFAX.

Rev. C. A. Young, '00, Pastor Roxbury Church, Boston, Mass.

When I studied "Gogeryph" it seemed to me that the city of Halifax was as far off as some Icelandic or other outlandish point and about as inaccessible as the North Pole. There seemed about as much likelihood of ever being there as there now seems to be of my ever seeing the polar protuberance. But from Boston one can reach the famous city within the limits of a twenty-four hour day.

I chose to go by the famous "Evangeline Route." I wish that I could tell you of the beauties of the Annapolis Basin, of the wonderful tidal phenomena of the Bay of Fundy and the Basin of Minas, and of the actual scenes which Longfellow describes in the story of Evangeline. To have drawn water from the well out of which Evangeline drank, to have walked on the dikes and over the meadows over which she led her heifer, to have looked on the very shores from which the unhappy Acadians looked back upon the smoldering ruins of their homes as they sailed out they knew not whither, was a rare privilege.

But I started out to write about the

ancient city of Halifax. "Ancient" did I say? It is not such an ancient city as Boston or New York or Philadelphia, for it was founded as late as 1749, but the number of ancient landmarks, the spirit of "ye olden times" which still prevails especially in military affairs and the rather tardy development of the economic resources of the city, give one the impression that it is very ancient.

Halifax is a very English city—English in its manners, in its spirit and in its very appearance. It has always been a center for Loyalists and during the Revolutionary war a great many Tories from the American colonies settled here. These facts combined with its importance as a garrison city have given it a distinctly English atmosphere. Old St. Paul's church, the Westminster Abbey of Canada has helped to cultivate this spirit.

Halifax is rather noted for its fine parks and recreation facilities. The public gardens are not large, being only fourteen acres in extent, but they are famous for their fine flower beds, the variety and luxuriance of their plants and the good taste with which all is laid out.

Point Pleasant park is beautifully situated at the end of the point of land on which the city is built and from it one gets a splendid view of the mighty Atlantic. This park is owned by the Canadian government, but is leased to the city for a long period at an annual rental of a shilling a year. Once a year the park is closed to the public and soldiers are stationed at the gates as a reminder to the city that the park belongs not to the citizens of Halifax, but to the people of Canada.

A little way inside the park stands an old stone fortification which was erected as a protection against the Indians. It stands in the midst of a virgin pine forest and doubtless from behind some of these great trees Indians once shot flaming arrows at those who took refuge within its walls.

Another favorite recreation place is the North-West Arm, a narrow inlet from the ocean, that is lined with boat-houses and club-houses and which on a fine day or on "Regatta Day" is alive with pleasure boats of every size and description. A splendid tower to commemorate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of representative government in Canada stands on a prominent point and gives dignity and adds interests to the Arm.

But the principal object of interest in Halifax is the Citadel. In the very center of the city and high over it on the top of a high hill it seems to surcharge the atmosphere with the martial spirit. Twice a day one is startled by the salutes which are fired from one of its parapets. Soldiers may always be seen in its vicinity and one is not allowed to forget while he is in Halifax that he is in a garrison city.

The military idea and ideal are dominant in Halifax. An illustration of this came to my notice while I was there. A team of boys from the high school had just won a certain prize for markmanship in Toronto, and the papers had editorials of congratulation and big headlines on their front pages telling how it was done, and when the boys reached the city one night at eleven o'clock they were met by a big crowd and with two bands to escort them they marched to the parade-

ground at the city hall where the mayor of the city at midnight made an address to them. Not only these boys but every boy in Halifax will be a soldier after such adulation.

As I viewed the great walls and moats and cannon of the Citadel costing millions to erect and more millions to maintain, from which never a shot was fired in the defense of the city, I could not but think of the economic waste of militarism and of the folly of such a method of maintaining national security and self-respect. When will Christian nations learn common sense and really put into practice the principles of the Prince of Peace?

The days of the Duke of Kent, the great grandfather of the present king of England were the golden days of Halifax. He lived in splendor at his princely estate on Bedford Basin, six miles from the city and drove in with the pomp and style of an emperor to attend the military reviews, balls, and state occasions which were especially numerous and brilliant at that time.

To see Halifax now is to see a rather gray, dull, monotonous old city, but if we look at it through spectacles a hundred years old, we see it to be a place of romantic and spectacular interest. Sedan chairs were carried through the streets bearing the corpulent forms of painted and powdered ladies and gentlemen; companies of soldiers could always be seen drilling on the parade-ground which is still preserved for that purpose and on which there is a concert by one of the military bands every Saturday morning. Work was constantly being done on the Citadel to make the defenses of the city stronger. Press-

gangs roamed through the city securing men to man the ships of war which lay in the harbor. And it was not an unusual sight to see prize vessels being towed into port as when the Shannon and the Chesapeake came slowly in after their memorable battle off the coast of Massachusetts with "their scuppers running red" as the sailors swabbed the decks.

Those were the glory days of Halifax for Haligonians love excitement, military pomp, the gaudy splendor of royalty, the beat of drums and the clash of arms. Halifax now seems slow because it busies itself principally with the prosaic problem of making a living. But because of its past associations, its beautiful situation, its still dominant martial atmosphere, it has a peculiar and abiding interest.

FUN!

"I envy that woman who is singing."

"Why, I don't think much of her voice."

"Oh, it isn't her voice I envy. It's her nerve."—Toledo Blade.

Teacher (to new scholar)—How does it happen that your name is Allen and your mother's name is Brown?

Little Lad (after a moment's thought)—Well, you see, it's this way. She married again and I didn't.

"Were the commencement exercises interesting?"

"Very. The time was divided between advice from public men on the selection of a career and suggestions from graduates on how to run the government."—Washington Star.

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Everybody here? If so we shall call the roll for school. We were wondering whether all would be able to respond after such an extended vacation. The Christmas vacation was a longer one than usual this year on account of joining the holiday vacation together with the few days usually given as a spring vacation. This is a good move, especially for those students who live at a distance. It allows them a longer visit at home while, as it was before, they had to rush back after Christmas, and the spring vacation was not long enough to pay them to go home. Then also the spring vacation comes when the weather is rainy and so it was always a bad time for any enjoyment during the vacation days.

Besides the regular vacation we

were also given a few days of rest on account of the "Dyptheria Scare," which was in this vicinity. College had not been given even a chance to get back to work before it was ordered to be closed again. We hope the "scare" is over and that it does not develope into anything worse.

The first semester of our work is about over. There are a few days left for all to make the mark. These last few days perhaps, although few, will show up if we neglect our duties as they bring them to us. We should all take up our work with more vigor than before since we have been allowed such a long rest. There is no reason for us to think that any of the students studied while at home during vacation. A certain professor at another institution saw a student taking books home to study and told him to leave all books there and go home and not think about the lessons, but when you come back, come back with the determination to get down to work and you will feel like doing something worth while. So now, since none of the students here at Cedarville have studied any during vacation, let everyone get down to work and do something worth while. If you do this your professor will pat you on your back and say, "Well done, thou good and faithful scholar, thou hast been diligent over these Freshman studies, I will make thee ruler over the Sophomore studies; enter thou into the joy of the Sophomore class!"

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OUT OF THE GINGER JAR.

Most rat holes will bear looking into.

Isn't the lover who braves the storm a rain-beau?

It doesn't require an axe to cut an acquaintance.

Corn on the cob is more acceptable than corn on the foot.

There is no impropriety in using a spring wagon in the fall.

It isn't very long before the "good fellow" is a poor fellow.

Women are vain, but men are much more so and with far less reason.

Many a man is in great fear that he will get all that is coming to him.

We notice that most people who are consumed by curiosity still survive.

If our mistakes teach us nothing it were hardly worth while to make them.

A horse is not of any use until it is broken, but it is different with a plow.

Though we may never have lost any, most of us are looking for money all the same.

A hen will spend a whole day getting up an egg that a hungry man can eat in a minute.

Here is a good question for lyceums to discuss this winter: "How much is enough?"

When you buy a balky horse you may not pay for any harness, but you will be sure to get a halter.

The wise man does not let his wife hear him boast that he is a good manager; she knows better.

Don't wait for success to come in your yard. Grab it by the collar and yank it inside the gate.

Stranger: "Can you direct me to a

bank?" Villager: "Sorry, sir; but I'm not a bank director."

He was an ambitious youth, the simple life was not for him. He was determined to go upon the stage. His persistence won the day. He now drives the stage between Upham's Corner and Newton Center.—From November Farm Journal.

A TOOTHsome DITTY.

Existence in this vale of tears is very like some brands of beers—a foamy froth delights the eyes and swells the drink to steinway size—but when one tries to drink the stuff one finds it almost wholly fluff; a year of class work nearly past, we hope some small result will last—but when we put it to the "test," it vanishes like all the rest, and comfort comes in this, that soon we reach VACATION BLISS!

As One Who Knows.

Figg—Does your grocer sell his apples by the barrel? Fogg—Well, they come in barrels, but what he sells them by is the top layer.

Keep a Secret Easily.

Most women can keep a secret—going.—Lippincott's Magazine.

ALL C. C. STUDENTS

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Mary Ellen says that she does not expect to study any next year but she does expect to work hard. Well, well.

What is the joke on the Girls at Middletown?

Someone please tell so we can all laugh. Whenever you mention "Bargin Counter" to any of the girls they laugh and their cheeks become red like they are blushing; but they wont tell the reason. We all wonder what happened.

On account of the illness of his father, Earl McClellan was not able to return to school after Holidays. It is not known as yet whether he will be able to graduate the coming spring or not. It is to be hoped that someway can be found for him to be able to complete the rest of his work and graduate.

Ruthe Edwards made the statement that if she does not return to school next semester she will have a "very good reason." It is quite sudden to most of us.

Misses Blanch Turnbull and Dorothy Collins were visitors of Miss Janet McClellan for a few days during vacation.

Miss Esculene Reynolds was a visitor at the home of Miss Laura Wright, Idaville, Ind., for about a week during Holidays.

Rev. H. C. Foster, Clifton Presbyterian church, gave a lecture in chapel, Wednesday morning, January 8th. He took for his theme, "A Study of the Bible, from a Literary Standpoint." He showed how and why the Bible should be foremost in all literature. He also said that a course of the study of the Bible as literature should be put in all colleges. His talk was very interesting and was enjoyed by all.

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The "Diphtheria Scare" is gone without leaving very many marks of it's presence. College opened Monday, the 13th and is now running at full sway.

Jennie Fullerion was sick with the grippe for a few days last week. She was unable to be at school any at all of that week. She is back with us tho' now.

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The C. C. Basket ball team left Wednesday the 15th for a three days trip to New Lexington, Junction City and New Straitsville.

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Eleanor Kyle, riding along the Columbus pike (we do not know with whom) said; "This is a 'Galvanized' pike, isn't it?" She meant well but was slightly mixed with her vocabulary.

Someone seeing Kathleen Putt working a new table cloth asked if she had a "Future Chest" too. Kathleen replied, in an innocent tone of voice, "No, I haven't got one yet." Raymond, do you take the hint?

Phil D. Dixon '12, was a visitor at the chapel exercises, January 8th.

Wendell Foster, who has been sick with throat trouble and who had an operation, Friday, January 17th is reported to be getting along nicely. It is to be hoped that he will be able to start back to college by the first of the second semester.

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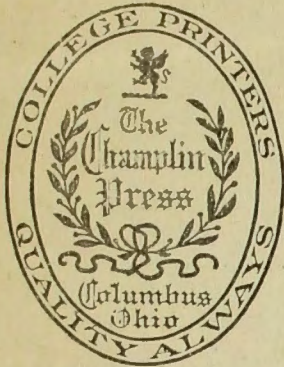
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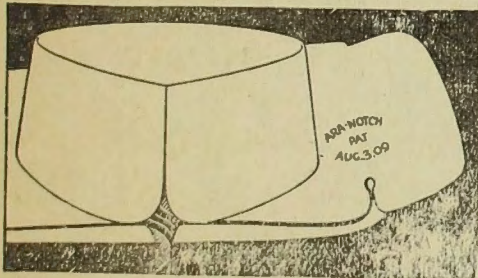
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